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SANATORY EFFECTS OF A VISIT TO LONDON.

THE mortifying feeling of littleness and unimportance which befalls one on a visit to London, has already been the subject of remark in our paper.* Reflecting more deeply on the subject, during the interval which has elapsed since our first remarks appeared, we have been struck by the novel idea, that this sensation might be turned to some account in the healing of a certain class of mental disorders.

In all parts of the country there are certain individuals of great local consequence, who, in most instances, prove to be of a very different frame of mind from the worthy baillie of Inverness, the first man in that part of the world who wore a hat, of whom it is recorded, that, being consequently admired, and stared at, and congratulated, almost beyond endurance, he modestly remarked, that, after all, he was "but a mortal man." There was also a provost of Dumbarton, in the last century, who, with a praiseworthy candour little known in the land, used to anticipate contradictions in matters of fact, by the graceful acknowledgment, "Even I myself may be mistaken." But men of this humble frame of mind are unfortunately very rare amongst us. Our local great men are more generally found, to all appearance, forgetful of both their mortality and their fallibility. They get puffed up by the homage of those around them, so as almost to become intolerable to those very individuals whose breath has filled their sails. Every thing in their situation tends to foment and feed the disease, while there is nothing to counteract it. Surrounded only by their inferiors, in affluence, in birth, in talent, or in station, they are entirely exempt from that salutary admonition which Philip employed a servant to breathe into his ear of a morning; and being therefore accustomed to have every thing done according to their own will, and to have all people becking and bowing to them, it necessarily results, that, when they are upon occasion thwarted, or held at defiance by some more than usually sturdy subject, they perform the strangest antics, and exhibit themselves under the influence of the most foolish passions, so as to make all their former admirers wonder at the littleness and unworthiness of what they have so long held in respect. Many an honest country gentleman, many a worthy mayor and baillie, many a leading physician and lawyer, has thus been known, after a few years of spoiling, to crack character to an awful extent, and get himself set down for an incapable, an enthusiast, or a tyrant, for all the rest of his days, when, if there had been any counteractive influences in operation, any thing to remind him that other human beings possessed feelings and interests as well as himself, and that he was not the only great man on earth, he might have gone on in tolerable credit to the close of life, and been honoured at last with one of the most panegyrical obituary notices that are ever devoted to any great man in any provincial newspaper, over however many parishes the shadow of his greatness may extend.

If it be conceded that the results of over-blown greatness are deplorable, it must be likewise conceded that some means by which the disease might be retarded or cured, is much to be desired. Such means presents itself in the form of a periodical visit to London. How it may be with our neighbours, we cannot well say; but, for our part, we have times without number observed the beneficial effects immediately flowing from such a trip. We have marked the deeper bow, the kinder shake of the hand, the gentler terms of speech, and the all-over subdued manner, of certain

illustrious friends of our own, after they had been spending a few days in the great city. We have known good sort of fellows in the country, who made themselves extremely disagreeable by their pride, but were at length quite corrected by attaining the very apex of honour in a seat in Parliament—said seat exposing them to all the fine mellowing and soul-repressing influences of a London crowd. We have known the provost of Bickerton actually fit to be spoken to for three weeks after returning with Captain Bain. Every thing considered, we entertain not the least doubt that a visit to London is not only the most certain and powerful, but, now since steam-travelling has become so prevalent, also the most convenient and accessible means, of remedying the disease of local self-sufficiency and pride.

What we would propose then, is, that London, in addition to all her other characteristics, should be held and considered as an infirmary for provincial big-wigs of all orders and kinds, a place to which they may resort of their own accord, if sensible of the propriety of the step, or, otherwise, be sent at the expense of their friends or the community—for it must be evident, we think, considering the evils to which poor mortals are subjected in the country from the inordinate pride of their great men, that it would be well worth their while, all other means failing, to tax themselves a little, in the hope of keeping the said great men within bounds. Hull, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness, form a chain of ports along the east coast of the island, from which the patients could be shipped off *per steam* for the great city, at comparatively small cost. Caravans, similar to those used for convicts, might be called into requisition, to collect the distempered big-wigs throughout the country, and carry them to the nearest port. An establishment might also be kept up in London, after the manner of the club-houses, for their accommodation while under treatment, to be called the Asylum for the Cure of Provincial Pride; by which great expense, either to the patients or their friends, would be saved. This institution should be under the charge of proper medical officers, such as are accustomed to preside over asylums for the insane, whose duty it should be to take the individual cases carefully into consideration, and to give such directions for their treatment as might be considered necessary. Cases, in the first place, must vary greatly in intensity; in the second place, they must vary greatly in character. A single week of walking the streets will serve to convince some that their importance is confined to a particular latitude and longitude, while others may require a fortnight, others three weeks, and so on. In some light cases a couple of days might be sufficient; in others, where the symptoms were very violent and the habit inveterate, it might require well nigh a quarter of a year. In some cases, too, a mere exposure of the person of the patient to the jostling of the unrespective crowd upon the streets, would suffice, while in others something else might be needed. For instance, justices of peace and the dignitaries of small rural burghs would probably form a class, for whom a certain amount of promenading would be the regular and only prescription, seeing that the mere want of those bowings and doffings of the hat which had perhaps been the chief causes of their disease, would be apt to effect its cure.

But there are other men who, besides this common appliance, might require to be taken to particular places, and to be mixed up with particular classes of men, in order to be convinced of their littleness. It would be proper, for example, to take a purse-proud merchant to the Exchange, and shake him up for a few hours per diem with a multitude, each of whom

was ten times richer than himself. The consciousness of being the wealthiest man in his own village or town would thus become tinged and saddened by the knowledge that his wealth was only relative, and that, as in certain situations he is the richest, so in others is he the poorest man. He might become convinced that to be the poorest man in a place is not criminal, and that neither is it the greatest of all merits to be the richest. In the case of a provincial cultivator of science, who had been ruined in mental health by a local prepossession respecting his being the greatest man in the world in his own department, it would of course be advisable to introduce him to a few meetings of the Royal and other societies, where, finding his name totally unknown, and that he was in the midst of hundreds of better men, of whom he never till now had heard, he would of course shrink into a tenth of his ordinary dimensions, and become convinced that his friends at home must have all along been in a mistake about him. There are indeed a vast number of *greatest men in Europe in their own departments*, who would be all the better of being brought face to face with each other; but having only at present to do with British greatest men in Europe, we leave this for future consideration. Then it might be proper, in the case of an over-blown professor in a provincial university, to expose him for a few days to the society of the professors of King's College and the London University College (a single trip to Oxford might not be amiss), in order that he might measure himself against men of his own order, instead of the ignorant bourgeoisie who surround him at home. A country gentleman might be taken to the club-houses, that he might learn how many men of like fortune there must be in the world: in an inveterate case, a blackballing might perhaps be advisable, but this according to the discretion of the medical attendant. A puissant sheriff or other local judge, my-lorded and your-worshipped out of all bearing, might be introduced into the courts at Westminster Hall, with a view to his ascertaining that the highest judges of the land bore all the usual lineaments of humanity, and were not, to appearance, more than enough inspired with a sense of their dignity. First-rate provincial artists might in like manner be taken to the Royal Academy, or, what would be quite as efficacious, induced to hang up one of their unmatched pictures in the halls of Somerset-House, amidst the productions of metropolitan genius. A great politician might be placed for a few nights in the gallery of the House of Commons, to learn that many much cleverer fellows than himself are scarcely listened to. Great men of many other kinds, but whom it is needless to enumerate, might be placed in circumstances equally relative to the character of their disorder, and, doubtless, with equally good results. Much would depend upon the skill of the physicians, to whom it would of course be necessary to grant almost unlimited power to act according to symptoms.

A visit to London, and certain treatment there, form only the main features of our scheme. In many cases the same object might be attained by going to a less distance from home. A good many country schoolmasters, for instance, spoilt by undisputed power over the young, and undue homage from the adult, might be put to rights by a visit to such a city as Edinburgh each vacation. All that is necessary is a removal to some place where much greater men exist, or where the things of which the patient is proud, exist on a much greater scale. Cures might be effected more easily still. In a vast number of cases, a man is only great within the compass of three or four square miles. Take this man away from the little scene of his great-

*See article "Great Men," in No. 147 of the Journal, published on the 22d of November 1834.

ness to any other place whatever, though it were only perhaps in the next county, and finding himself there unknown, it is ten to one that he will come back a wiser and better man. It is the perpetual fluttering and purring in one particular nest that makes little birds think themselves turkeys and peacocks; if they can only be induced to fly to a little distance now and then, so as to see real turkeys and peacocks, they are sure to be disabused of the mistake. And even where the field of greatness is considerably more ample, the same expedient might be resorted to. Only remove the patient out of the sphere of his importance, and he will almost certainly be the better for it. Often, when travelling out of Scotland, have we formed the wish that we had certain of our fellow-countrymen along with us—men who were utterly spoilt by the homage of a particular town, or city, or province; or even by that of the whole nation, but who, in the place where we were, would have found that the great Dr This, and Mr That, and Sir 'Tother Thing, had never been heard of, either for good or ill, and that in fact their particular qualifications have only a local value, and would here be considered quite worthless, and not at all respectable. In this way a few of the American greatest men in the world might be much improved by a visit to the old country, and a few British greatest men in the world equally so by a trip, say to Germany. The same good effect might be produced in the holders of high official stations, by showing them, in Beaton's Political Index, the list of all their predecessors in the same office from the Conquest, of whom not one is now remembered, or thought in the least great; while many poor wretches of contemporary poets, scarcely thought worthy to pick up the crumbs of their tables, are now blazing in the rolls of fame. All these various modes of reducing swellings in the great of the earth, we leave to the consideration of our readers.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

We have long thought that it would be advantageous to the cause of truth and peace, did mankind ponder more deeply on the amount of human misery which attends the career of an Alexander, a Caesar, a Bonaparte, and others whom history dignifies with the deceptive appellation of heroes. To afford food for such salutary meditation, we propose to give a view of the principal actions of the Eastern conqueror, Timour Beg, or Tamerlane, as he is more generally called, who left a detail of his own history to the world, from which the facts that follow are derived.

Timour Beg was a descendant of the Mogul prince Zingis Khan, who at his death, 1227, divided the immense territories he had acquired by his arms among his four sons, whose children for several generations inherited their respective possessions. Timour, who sprung from a junior branch of one of these families, was born in the year 1336 of the Christian era, and his early days were spent in the wilds of the province of Transoxiana (a district of country lying on the east of Persia and north of Hindostan), where he had charge of his father's numerous flocks and herds. An ambitious and tyrannical spirit characterised the youth of the prince, no less than it did his riper years. By his daring and decision he gained a complete ascendancy over the young men of his district, who would have followed him even to death. This power he began to turn to account, while he was only eighteen years of age; by commencing a series of incursions on the lands of his neighbours. In general, he was successful in the acquisition of new possessions, though sometimes he met with reverses, which taught him lessons of warlike prudence which he never forgot. In his twenty-first year he added greatly to his wealth and political importance by his marriage with the granddaughter of the governor of Transoxiana. The governor being put to death some time after, and the father of Timour having likewise died, young Timour became the first man in the province; and having repelled from it an invading army, he was, at the age of twenty-five, proclaimed by the nobles and people sole sovereign of Transoxiana.

Timour now saw himself on the road to the gratification of his grasping ambition. But he had many trials to encounter ere fortune joined his cause, never again to desert him. By an incursion of the Jete tribe, he was driven from his sovereignty, a fugitive and almost alone, to the wilds. By almost incredible exertions of valour, and unwearied patience in adversity, Timour again raised himself to the condition of a powerful prince. So much do his later victories throw these early struggles into the shade in every respect, that it would be a waste of time to enter into a detail of the consequences of his battles at this period. To show, however, that even these were on no trifling scale, we may mention, that, in one engagement, he cut to pieces nearly twenty thousand men of the Jete people, the most powerful of his early enemies. In continual wars in various quarters of the wide territory to the north-east of Persia, and on the east of the Caspian Sea, Timour passed his life till he attained the age of thirty-five. At this period, having conquered his brother-in-law, with whom he had long wrested bloodily for superiority, Timour found himself, by election of the nobles, called to fill the imperial throne of Jagatay, to which he reunited the dependent king-

doms of Khurazm and Kandahar, which contained many great cities, and among others Samercand, Kesh, and Balkh, the first of which was made his capital. His coronation took place at Balkh, in the year 1360. From the passage in his Memoirs referring to this occasion, it appears that he affected extreme sanctity, and was of opinion that the Deity had directed him in his uninterrupted career of carnage. "After I was seated on the throne," says he, "I opened the Koran, which was my constant companion, to search for an omen whether my government would endure; and this verse came forth:—Say, God is the master of this world; he gives the kingdom to whom he chooses, and takes it away from those he chooses." This was understood by all as an approving voice from heaven, though it is a revelation, certainly, of a kind which very little fitness is necessary to obtain. Timour, however, most probably practised no trick, as he was, notwithstanding his vigour of mind, the slave of superstition, and frequently the dupe of dreamers and priests.

The Emperor Timour's Memoirs contain, as might be expected, many allusions to his family. His first wife having died after bringing him several sons and daughters, he had married a second time, and had issue by this marriage also. As his children had grown up, he had matched them with the greatest families around him, strengthening thereby his power. Two or three of his sons were now able to participate in his government and wars, which they did with all the ardour of the lion's whelps; for Timour, instead of resting contented with his possessions, only regarded them as the basis of further conquests, or rather universal dominion. His first war, after his permanent accession to the throne, was with his old foes the Jetes. These, a numerous race, he overthrew with great slaughter. The emperor then turned his thoughts to the conquest of Persia, and made in the first instance a descent with a powerful army upon Khorassan, one of its largest provinces. The fortress of Khorassan, with its capital Herat, a city of great extent and importance, speedily fell into the invader's hands, and the whole province followed. Timour, having placed officers on whom he relied over his conquests, returned to Bokhara. He was recalled more than once to Khorassan, by rebellions for which he inflicted signal punishment. On one occasion so many rebels were slain that the soldiers built an immense pyramid with their heads. After quelling a revolt at Herat, the emperor ordered two thousand persons to be piled alive one upon another with mortar and bricks; thus forming a tower of human bodies. On another occasion, after massacring at once five thousand men, he made two monuments of his wrath, by piling their decapitated remains into two separate towers. Several large cities of the same province were at this period razed by Timour to the ground, and every one of their inhabitants, man, woman, and child, put to a barbarous death.

Cruelty seemed to increase with its exercise in the breast of the Emperor Timour. "His career," says the Reverend H. Caunter, in his excellent and beautifully illustrated Oriental Annual, "was from this time marked with the most cruel carnage. His character was now fully developed; where any opposition was made to his victorious progress, he spared neither sex nor age." The conquest of Khorassan was completed in 1363, and in the two following years he added Seistan, and other districts, to his dominions. After this acquisition, he returned to Samercand. Here he remained only three months, when he set out to subjugate the rest of Persia. Within two years he conquered all Persia and Upper Armenia. This was not accomplished without immense bloodshed, a spirited resistance being made by the natives. Of Timour's mode of warfare, the following quotation from Mr. Caunter's volume affords a specimen. A revolt had broken out in Ispahan, after it had fallen into his power; to suppress which, "next day, Timour, having stormed the city, entered it with his troops, and commanded all the inhabitants, except those who had opposed themselves to the insurgents, to be slaughtered. This order was executed with such ferocity, that, according to the registers of the divan, the number of heads amounted to seventy thousand; these were laid in heaps on the walls, and afterwards piled up into pyramids. This horrible massacre happened at the close of the year 1367." It is but one scene out of many similar ones, which signalled the subjection of Persia.

Timour returned to Samercand, and overthrew some enemies who had sprung up at home. His next expedition was against Western Tartary; before proceeding to which, he vanquished a large army of Circassians, Russians, and Bulgarians. After a march of nearly three thousand miles, he overran the districts of Jetah, in 1369, and in the following year the country of Kipchak. The destructive character of these conquests is thus described by the author already quoted. "All the bravest soldiers (of the prince of Jetah) were either slain or taken prisoners; his wives and children, together with the chief inhabitants, made captives; his entire territory reduced to a state of depolite devastation; the houses pillaged; and the cattle driven away."

On returning to Samercand, the emperor showed to his subjects a scene of barbaric magnificence, such as even the East had seldom witnessed. This was a public banquet to solemnise the marriage of several of his young nobles. The tables were arranged like an army in order of battle, and he himself occupied the centre on a throne of solid gold. Such spectacles attached his soldiers to him, but Timour did not long indulge either himself or them in such relaxations. Persia was again in rebellion, and

again subdued it at a cost of human lives scarcely to be credited. We shall not enter into details, contenting ourselves as formerly with one example. Having marched against a populous district of Kurdestan, Timour found that the natives had fortified themselves in some natural caverns among the hills, from which he could not dislodge them. But nothing could foil the conqueror. By turning the course of some large rivulets into the mouths of the caverns, he caused almost all within to perish miserably. The inhabitants of another city of Kurdestan were sacrificed to a man. We may remark, that Timour on the occasion joined a seal for religion to the love of conquest, these victims being Parsees or fire-worshippers.

The emperor next marched for Bagdad, which celebrated city he stormed and took in October 1393. He now resolved to reduce Armenia and Georgia, against which he conceived himself specially bound to wage war, on account of the religion prevalent there. Armenia fell into his hands after fearful carnage. He then proceeded to Georgia, with an army which nothing could oppose, seeing that it was so numerous as to extend over a space of fifteen miles. Timour's war upon Georgia was a war of utter extermination. After completing it, he had to encounter in a pitched battle an old enemy, Tokmish, chief of the Kipchaks, who headed a large army. Timour, aided by his sons and grandsons, now practised warriors, gained the battle, after immense loss on both sides. The numbers slain in battle, together with those whom Timour caused to be murdered in cold blood, probably greatly exceeded a hundred thousand men. Having now no enemy left in Asia, the emperor directed his course into European Russia, still marking every step with human gore. Arriving at Moscow, he put a large number of the people to the sword, and acquired great treasure. Indeed, as he could not hope to retain countries so far from home, plunder and religious bigotry must have actuated his descent on Europe. Passing from Moscow to the great commercial city of Azoph, he plundered it, and by his son Miran Shah, devastated Circassia. The number of Christians put to death was immense, and as many were carried away as slaves. Timour then re-entered Georgia, in which he again committed the most barbarous excesses. Persia received another desolating visit, and the emperor finally, on the 30th of July 1396, disbanded his army on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and returned to Samercand, after a career unparalleled in the annals of war, and during which he had destroyed many millions of his fellow-beings.

Though arrived at the age of three-score, this scourge of the human race had yet a large measure of death and misery to fill up. He did not rest quiet above two years in his capital, which in the interval he adorned with palaces and mosques, out of the fruits of the spoil of a thousand nations. South of the Indus lay a wide region, fertile (unhappily for itself) and rich. On this the insatiable Timour fixed his eyes, and prepared an army of two hundred thousand men to subjugate it. In the month of September 1398, he reached the Indus, and the career of blood commenced once more. Into the details of this Indian conquest, want of space prevents us from entering. Suffice it to say, that, before he arrived at Delhi, the capital of Upper India, he had butchered the inhabitants of many great towns and populous districts, and had accumulated upwards of one hundred thousand captives. Finding that these were likely to incommode him in his attack on Delhi, he massacred them all in one day in cold blood. The taking of Delhi was a scene of horror unparalleled in the history of human warfare. The sanguinary work lasted several days, and Delhi, one of the largest cities in the world, was converted into a desert. It is unnecessary to continue the picture. Timour conquered India, and returned to his own dominions. His very return was not less fearful in its consequences than his coming. Within thirty days he fought twenty battles on his march to Samercand. When there, he solemnly returned thanks, as indeed he often did, to the Deity for his success.

Was this ferocious being not yet sated with blood? No! In his sixty-fourth year, he prepared a large army for a new campaign in the regions which he had formerly desolated. Persia was his first object, and from that country he proceeded to Georgia, which he ravaged with great celerity. Taunts and defiance had lately passed between Timour and Bajazet, a sultan of great ability, and who had raised the power of the Ottoman followers of Mahomet to a height which almost rivalled the Mogul grandeur. From Georgia, therefore, Timour marched to Bajazet's dominions in Asia Minor, where Aleppo, Damascus, and other rich cities, fell into his hands. The carnage which followed these captures is described by Gibbon and others as surpassing any slaughter ever recorded—even that of Delhi. At Bagdad, the same scene were repeated, the conqueror signifying his capture of the city by erecting a pile of ninety thousand human heads.

After a continued series of these horrors, the Mogul at last, in 1402, met his Ottoman rival on the plains of Ankara, in Asiatic Turkey. Bajazet was defeated, and, according to the common story, which is now, however, discredited, was carried in an iron cage for the short remainder of his life. The invincible Timour pursued his career, subduing Egypt and Anatolia, and taking Smyrna, every living being in which was put to death, except a few who escaped by the shipping in the port. Finished with success, Timour again returned to Samercand, in July 1404, undisputed master of almost all Asia.

China alone, of the inhabited regions of this great

* When Timour with his army reached the northern extremity of Europe, he was very much surprised to find that the sun remained above the horizon for several months. This was a phenomenon which neither he nor the ulema, or learned men of the Mahomedan faith, who accompanied him, were prepared for. The Koran was silent on the subject. Mahomedan had evidently not been aware of the fact when he prescribed certain prayers for morning and evening, for there was here neither morning nor evening—and what was to be done? In this somewhat singular dilemma, Timour, with concurrence of the ulema, ordered that morning and evening prayers should be suspended until the army returned into a country where the daily rising and setting of the sun rendered them appropriate.

extinct, did not acknowledge the Mogul sway. In his seventieth year, Timour raised a new army of two hundred thousand men to reduce that country. But death prevented the fulfilment of his scheme. On the frontiers of the land on which he was about to descend like a destroying angel, he was seized with fever, and died in a few days afterwards. His deathbed is thus painted by his countryman and historian, Shurrood-Deen-Ally. "Timour sent for the empresses and principal chiefs. He bade them not weep, but pray for him: said he had hopes God would pardon his sins, though numberless. He also exhorted them to procure ease and safety to the people, as an account would be required of all in power at the last day of judgment." Well may Mr Caunter remark, how frequently man is blinded by fanaticism to the atrocity of his own actions, when these have far exceeded the measure of ordinary men. Will our readers believe that a Christian historian, Father Catrou, praises the character of Timour, and declares that "he was not cruel for a conqueror." Supposing Timour to have been temperate in living, attached to his family, and zealous in religion according to his creed—what are these when flung into the balance against the horrible acts we have detailed? Without saying more, we leave the reader to form his own opinion, and we only hope that none will rise from the perusal of this paper without feeling disgusted with the very name of conqueror.

NOTICES OF ENGLISH POETS LITTLE KNOWN.

SOUTHWELL.

A RESPECTABLE place among the secondary poetical lights of the reign of Elizabeth, is due to Robert Southwell (born in 1562—died 1595), author of various pieces of a religious and contemplative nature, in which there is a considerable display of vigorous thought, and also of amiable feeling. His two longest poems are entitled "St Peter's Complaint," and "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears," both of which, like many other works of which the world has been proud, were written in prison. Of his shorter pieces we present two specimens:—

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where wards are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase,
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardonius wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar p'nd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven: to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been:
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That toleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
"Remember, man, thou art but dust."
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers only drop away,
And eke I think to scape alone?
No, no: I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* * * * *
If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

The life of Southwell, though short, was full of grief. The prevailing tone of his poetry is therefore that of a religious resignation to severe evils. In a prose epistle, entitled "Triumphs over Death," he observes, that "as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is most impregnable." Of this resolute virtue no man could have possessed a larger share than Southwell himself. Having been reared by his parents in the Catholic religion, he had at an early

age entered the society of Jesuits at Rome, and devoted himself to the perilous labours of a missionary in his own country, where at that time no Catholic priest could perform religious services without subjecting himself to the last penalty of the law. For eight years he appears to have ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed, without, so far as is known, doing any thing to disturb the peace of society, when, in 1592, he was apprehended in a gentleman's house at Uxenden in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, so noisome and filthy, that, when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. Upon this his father, a man of good family in Norfolk, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging that if his son had committed any thing, for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her majesty would be pleased to order him to be treated as a gentleman. To pursue the narrative of an accomplished writer (*Retrospective Review*, iv. 266).—"The queen was pleased to listen to this prayer, and ordered that Southwell should have a better lodging, and that his father should have permission to supply him with clothes and other necessaries, together with the books he asked for, which were only the Bible and the works of Saint Bernard. For three years was he kept in prison; and what was worse for himself, and more disgraceful to the government, it is said, he was put to the rack ten several times. Worn out with torture and solitary imprisonment, he at length applied to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, that he might either be brought to trial to answer for himself, or at least that his friends might have leave to come and see him. To this application the Lord Treasurer is said to have answered, 'that if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Shortly after this he was removed from the Tower to Newgate, where he was put down into the dungeon called Limbo, and there kept for three days. On the 20th February, he was carried to Westminster to take his trial before Lord Chief Justice Popham and others. The indictment was under the statute 27 Eliz. c. 2; which enacted, 'That any Popish priest, born in the dominions of the crown of England, who should come over thither from beyond sea (unless driven by stress of weather, and tarrying only a reasonable time), or should be in England three days without conforming and taking the oaths, should be guilty of high treason.' A true bill being found against him, Father Southwell was ordered to the bar, and held up his hand according to custom. On being asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered, 'I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the queen's majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Roman church,' but he denied that he ever entertained any designs against the queen or kingdom; alleging, that he had no other intention, in returning to his native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the Catholic church, to such as desired them. Wherupon he was told, that he must leave such matters and plead directly *guilty or not guilty*. Then he said he was not guilty of any treason whatever; and being asked by whom he would be tried, he answered *by God and you*. The judge told him he must answer by God and his country, which he at first refused, saying that the laws of his country were disagreeable to the laws of God, and that he was unwilling those poor harmless men, whom they obliged to represent the country, should have any share in their guilt, or any hand in his death. 'But,' said he, 'if, through your iniquity, it must be so and I cannot help it, be it as you will. I am ready to be judged by God and my country.' The jury were accordingly sworn without a single challenge, the prisoner observing, that they were all equally strangers to him, and, therefore, charity did not allow him to except against one more than another. He was found guilty on his own confession; and being asked if he had any thing more to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, 'Nothing, but, from my heart, I forgive all who have been any way accessory to my death.' The judge having pronounced sentence according to the usual form, Father Southwell made a low bow, returning him thanks as for an unspeakable favour.

The next morning he was drawn through the streets, on a sledge, to Tyburn, where a great concourse of people had assembled to witness his execution. He confessed that he was a priest of the Society of Jesuits, but again denied that he had ever contrived or imagined any evil against the queen, for whom and for his country he offered up his prayers. The cart was then driven away; but the unskillful hangman had not applied the noose to the right place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross while he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled. He was afterwards cut down, bowelled, and quartered.

So perished Father Southwell, at thirty-three years of age, and so, unhappily, have perished many of the wise and virtuous of the earth. Conscious of suffering in the supposed best of causes, he seems to have met death without terror—to have received the crown of martyrdom not only with resignation but with joy. Indeed, persecution and martyrdom, torture and death, must have been frequent subjects of his contemplation. His brethren of the priesthood were falling around him, and he himself assumed the character of a comforter and encourager to those who remained. Life's uncertainty and the world's vanity—the crimes and

foliages of humanity, and the consolations and glories of religion, are the constant themes of his writings, both in prose and verse; and the kindness and benignity of his nature, and the moral excellence of his character, are diffused alike over both."

TEXAS.—SECOND ARTICLE.

HAVING described the appearance of the country in its lower and higher regions, we proceed to an account of its natural productions. These of course depend on the nature of the climate and soil. The climate of Texas is completely tropical in character, but greatly mitigated by the absence of swamps and thick matted woods, which render some hot countries intolerable during certain seasons of the year. The dryness and openness of the lands give purity to the atmosphere, and cause breezy draughts of wind from the sea, which temper the heats. When the breezes cease, which they do every afternoon, the air becomes hot and close, and consequently produces exceeding languor. The general average temperature is stated to be from 73 to 83 degrees, but it is often as high as 103. So powerful and continued a heat, acting on a soil unsurpassed in richness, naturally produces the most luxuriant vegetation. The grass grows so high and thick, and so rapidly, after being cropped, that it is hardly possible to keep it down by placing any number of cattle upon it. The number of wild-flowers, roots, and shrubs, is very considerable. Among the flowers, we find roses of different varieties; the May-flower, the wild pink, the red and yellow lilies, the jessamine, cowslip, golden rod, heart's-ease, hollyhock; among the roots, the angelica, the sarsaparilla, ginseng, bear's-bane, mandrake, wild potato, ground-nut, snake root, wild parsnip, onion, garlic, white and black hellebore; shrubs, several kinds of tea plants, and indigo, also the nopal or prickly-pear. This is the vegetable which is fed on by the insect which yields the cochineal dye, and here it grows to a height of ten or twelve feet. This plant produces an immense quantity of fruit, and furnishes food for vast herds of cattle and wild horses. The fruit is nutritious and choice, and on one occasion it saved a whole army from famine. It is found in inexhaustible abundance.

The woods of Texas are very scattered, and are remarkable for growing in patches or strips of individual kinds. The live-oak is one of the largest and most valuable trees. It grows to an enormous size, some trees measuring sixteen feet in circumference, and keeping this size more than thirty feet from the ground, before they spread out their enormous branches. Larger trees than this, however, are not uncommon; some of them measuring even twenty-one feet in circumference. Besides the live-oak, there are the white-oak, the red-oak, the fir and pine, the hickory, the walnut, the ash, the elm, the cypress, the linden, the hemlock, the yellow pine, the spruce pine, the locust, the musket, the cotton-wood, the wild cherry, the pecan, the sycamore, the hackberry, the mulberry, and the button wood, besides many other kinds which might be mentioned; also smaller trees or shrubs, as the laurel, the sumac, the juniper, the sassafras, the willow, the large elder, the dwarf elder, the poisonos elder, the shrub oak, the winter-green, the witch hazel, the myrtle wax-tree, the wild plum, the prickly ash, the shinwood, the spoon-wood, the moose-wood, the fever-bush, the sweet fern, the raspberry, the whortleberry, the blackberry, the cranberry, and the chokeberry.

Canes or reeds grow to a large extent near the margins of rivers in Texas. Tracts of this remarkable plant are called cane-brakes, and these are so singular in appearance that we shall quote a description of them. "The main cane-brakes of the province are between the Brazos and the Colorado, on what is termed Cany Creek, or Bayou, which never overflows, and where the cane-brakes are from four to twelve miles in breadth, with but few trees to be seen among them through the whole length of this creek, seventy miles. These canes, or reeds, are known in the Northern States as fishing-rods, where they often sell at a high price. To pass through one of these cane-brakes, by one of those narrow paths commenced while they were young, and which is kept open through the year, by the frequent passing and repassing of men on horses, is a novelty seldom to be met with in any country but that of the lower Texas. Consider yourself entering one of these singular avenues, arched overhead, and with the view of the sky shut out, for the space of a mile or so, with an impenetrable wall of reeds on each side of you, to the height of twenty feet or more; and these reeds so slender, that, having no support directly over the path, they must droop a little inward, and so meet and intermingle their tops as to form a complete evergreen bower. The sight of a large tract, covered with so rank a growth, of an annual plant, which rises to such a height, decays, and is renewed every twelvemonth, affords a striking impression of the fertility of the soil."

The fruits of Texas are the grape, mulberry, apple, plum, cherry, sweet gum, peach, butter-nut, walnut, hazel-nut, pecan-nut, and many others. The grapes, for variety and delicacy, rival those of Italy and Portugal, and might be rendered equally advantageous in commerce. "There cannot be the least doubt (says our authority) that the day is not far distant when there will be vineyards in Texas equal to any in Switzerland, France, or Italy, for the quality of their wines and fruits. These products of industry will indeed be as easily attainable by the

inhabitants, and almost as cheap, as the honey, which is at present, and will continue to be, collected by the busy bee from myriads of flowers, and by them deposited in the bosom of every hollow tree; so that cutting down (for there is very little searching required) is all that is wanting, in order to procure that delicate and luscious repast! The wax thus obtained is not only valuable to the farmer, by hardening his beeve tallow candles, but as an article of commerce it commands a high price. It often happens, therefore, that the bee-hunters, at a distance from habitations, will throw away the honey and save only the wax. In addition to all these rewards of industry, through the instrumentality of wood, there is another, which has of late years drawn the attention of a number of American agriculturists; to wit, the culture of the mulberry, a tree to be found very plentiful in Texas, and by means of which silk-worms might be reared to any extent."

The abundance of natural nuts is another feature in the productiveness of the country. "Pecan-nut gathering is, and will continue as long as people continue to live in sea-coast cities, a source of no ordinary emolument to the Texas farmer—if not every year, at least every second year, as they fall then from the trees by handfuls, and are in general of a very superior quality indeed. These command a constant market, not only in sea-ports of the eastern and western coasts, but in those of Europe also; producing at an average to the first collector, from one to two dollars per bushel. So numerous are the native pecan-trees, in the upper parts of the country, that it requires nothing but their preservation to insure a continual emolument, independent of those the farmers plant around their dwellings, as one of the few ornaments which they could adopt, combining both pleasure and profit. It requires no uncommon exertion, for a family consisting of half a dozen children, say from the age of six years and upwards, to provide themselves during the space of six weeks in the fall, with a hundred and fifty bushels of that pleasant and valuable fruit, to say nothing of the walnuts, and the other marketable nuts of every kind, already spoken of."

Both the climate and soil of Texas adapt it for the production of cotton, sugar from the cane, and coffee. As yet, little has been done to bring these valuable capabilities into operation; but so far as attempts have been made, they have been most successful. "Sugar, coffee, and cotton (says Mr Edward), can be raised cheaper than in the United States, or in the West Indies, but owing to the civil troubles not enough is now raised for home consumption." The author of the Visit to Texas thus speaks of the appearance of a cotton and cattle raising estate:—"The fine estate which we were to visit, presented a beautiful appearance as we approached it. A large part is appropriated to grazing, and left unenclosed, with the exception of a single tract, as a vast pasture-ground for the cattle of the owner. The enclosure, though it seemed to bear a small proportion to the whole estate, embraces not less than two hundred acres, and is secured by a substantial fence of twelve rails. It contains the garden, with a noble cotton field, which, the year before, had yielded a crop that sold for five thousand dollars. Even after it had been removed, one of our companions, who was from Alabama, declared there was still as good a crop on the ground as they commonly gathered in his own state. Beyond the enclosed ground lay the boundless prairie, variegated with its numerous islands of trees, and spotted with a scattered herd of six hundred cattle, all belonging to our host. They all appeared well fed, active, and vigorous, and spend their lives through winter and summer in the open air. Of course, no housing is necessary in such a climate, and no provision of food for them is to be made, in a country where there is perpetual green."

The greater part of the Texian territory having only lately emerged from a state of nature, it still possesses a number of those wild animals which are found in almost all countries when first visited by civilised man. Bears, wolves, wild hogs, wild horses, and foxes, are occasionally seen; the cougar, or tiger, is only to be found in the most remote and higher parts of the country. The opossum and the racoon are still somewhat troublesome to the goodwife of the house, who prides herself in the goodly number of her geese, turkeys, and chickens. The inferior animals of the country are neither very numerous nor troublesome, although occasionally one may stumble on a mole or a dormouse, or perhaps at times see a skunk, a weasel, or a mink. As for rats, bats, and mice, they are common annoyances, not worth mentioning in any country, far less in this, which has been so recently inhabited. Among the birds fit for food, are the wild turkey (commonly found in the woods, and near the edges of the prairies), the turtle-dove, the prairie-hen, the partridge, and the quail; the two last are however thinned off by hawks. Among the songsters are the thrush, the mocking-bird, the whippoorwill, and the nightingale.

The rivers and shores of Texas teem with fish of many varieties, and in the bays are found alligators of considerable size. Neither the alligators, nor the wild quadrupeds above mentioned, are so troublesome as the swarms of small insects which infest the country, particularly the lower parts. It would be most improper to overlook this terrific tail, in speaking of the suitableness of Texas for the location of European settlers. There are a few kinds of snakes in the country, but the trouble which these give, is nothing to that from the insect tribes. "After the house-fly

(says Mr Edward) comes the Spanish or blister-fly, to be found in greater numbers, quite innoxious to the beholder, but dangerous to be handled. Then there are but few countries which can boast of such a number and variety of ants. The woods and the dry prairies literally swarm with this industrious, and because of his industry, pestiferous little insect. Of reptiles there are lizards of every hue, generally harmless, except the smooth or broad-backed ones. Spiders also of every diversity abound, from the tarantula, one of the most disgusting and venomous creatures in the country (which when full grown will measure when expanded from five to six inches), to the small slender striped one of the most insinuating appearance, but, as the author can testify by dear-bought experience, of the most poisonous nature. Scorpions and centipedes are as numerous as they are dangerous, especially the flat, black-headed centipede, which grows enormously large, and whose haunts are chiefly to be found under rotten logs and moss-grown rocks.

The camping traveller, and the land hunter, will do well to keep a bright look-out, particularly in the woods and their vicinity, for a species of red bug, and the tick. From them, especially the ticks, there is no escape. In a single night in warm weather, they will gather so affectionately upon one's outer man, as hardly, in the morning, to leave its complexion distinguishable; and such is their love and attachment to humanity, that they cannot be removed without great care and ingenuity. In size, shape, and colour, they resemble that bug which is the horror of good housewives. Provided with a proboscis or trunk, monstrously disproportioned to the rest of the body, they nip out a portion of the cuticle, and lay bare the smaller vessels, from which, with their combined powers of suction, they make no trifling draught upon a man's system." Another of our authorities gives a similar account of this dreadful scourge—"The flies are very troublesome at this season in this region; and when the heat came on, we found them intolerable. We had seen them before, and observed the effects of their bite on our horses, but never in such numbers as they now presented. A hundred or more would fasten on each of our animals at once, make a considerable wound in a moment, and suck the blood abundantly, while the poor creatures would show marks of extreme pain, and shrink with dread whenever they felt their tormentors light upon them. It was of little use to drive them off, for they returned immediately, and repeated the bite in another place; and so deep was it, that every spot they had touched was marked with a drop of blood." October and November are the two best months to make observations in, and April and May are the next best, so as to avoid not only the rapid changes of temperature, but the extreme heat of the weather.

SPEAKING AND SINGING.

During the early part of last year, popular lectures upon the physiological structure of the human body were delivered to miscellaneous audiences in Edinburgh, by the late Dr Fletcher, one of the most eminent physiologists in the Scottish metropolis. As these lectures were proposed to be delivered both to ladies and gentlemen, it was believed by many—that who will never allow that any thing new can be done—that they would not be successful. But the reverse of this was the case, and the public are left to lament that the unexpected death of the lecturer has prevented the renewal of these most agreeable and instructive exhibitions. We attended several of the lectures, and were much delighted with the ingenious views of the accomplished speaker. He illustrated his discourses with coloured drawings and wax models, and in such a manner, that the most fastidious of his hearers could take no offence. We remember one lecture in particular, the subject of which was the construction of the lungs, the larynx, and organs of voice. His observations on this subject tended to show that much injury is done to health by keeping silent, and he caused a laugh among the audience when he mentioned that one main reason for the longer life of women over that of men, was their speaking more—in other words, because they exercised to a greater degree one of the most important functions in the system. This, he said, was the physical cause, but there was another reason—the moral effect produced on the feelings. He therefore argued that speaking, and more especially singing, were of great benefit to health, when indulged in to a moderate extent. There is much truth in these observations, and we believe it to be a well-established fact, that professional singers are generally long-lived.

In looking over a work called the "Harmonicon," we observe a passage which coincides with the opinion of Dr Fletcher. It is as follows:—"The American physician, Dr Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. 'Vocal music,' says the celebrated writer, 'should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by

singing, contributes much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

ZERAH COLBURN, THE MENTAL CALCULATOR.

The name of Zhero, or, as it is commonly spelt, Zerah, Colburn, must be familiar to a number of our readers, as the designation of an American youth, distinguished for extraordinary powers of *mental calculation*. These powers exhibited themselves very early in life, before the possessor of them could even read; and the father of Zerah was induced to carry him, first to the principal cities of the United States, and subsequently to Europe, in order to turn his talents to pecuniary account by their public display. The gifted boy excited great interest wherever he went. A considerable portion of the marvel, however, ceased with his boyhood, and Zerah Colburn, still a young man, is now established in a fixed situation in life (as a Methodist clergyman) in his native country. About three years ago, he published an account of his early peregrinations, some details of which, with examples of his calculating powers, will prove, we hope, acceptable to the reader.

Zerah was born at Cabot, in the state of Vermont, on the 1st September 1804. He was the sixth child of a farmer, who discovered his talent, when he was under six years of age, by accidentally hearing him repeat the multiplication table to himself, as he was playing on the floor. Surprised at this, the farmer asked the child what 13 times 97 made, and received instantly the answer, 1261. Further interrogation served only to increase Mr Colburn's astonishment, and he speedily became convinced that his son possessed a talent of the most extraordinary kind. The news of little Zerah's extraordinary quickness in calculation soon spread, and he was taken by his father to Vermont, where he was seen by many persons. A sceptical wag at this place received a smart rebuff from the boy. "How many black beans would make five white ones?" was the question of the willing. "Five, if you skin them," replied Zerah, with his wonted quickness.

At Boston, to which he was shortly after carried, many men of science and influence saw and examined the calculating prodigy. Questions, of course of a severer nature, were here presented to young Colburn. "Questions in multiplication, of two or three places of figures, were answered with much greater rapidity than they could be solved upon paper. Questions involving an application of this rule, as in reduction, rule of three, and practice, seemed to be perfectly adapted to his mind." The extraction of the roots of exact squares and cubes, the finding the factors of numbers—a difficult operation—questions in addition, subtraction, and division, were all performed by him with wonderful, though varying, degrees of facility. In all his calculations, as we shall afterwards notice, his mind seems to have acted with such rapidity, as to render it difficult for himself to analyse its operations. His answer to a Boston lady who urged him to tell her how he reckoned, at his first exhibition, was:—"Madam, God put it into my head, and I cannot put it into yours."

Though Mr Colburn visited all the principal cities of the Union in succession, exhibiting to the public the precocious powers of his child, none of these cities showed so high a degree of interest in Zerah as Boston. There a proposal was made by several men of influence to raise a sum of 5000 dollars by subscription, for the purpose of educating the boy. This scheme failed from jealousy on the father's part respecting the object of the proposers. Mr Colburn saw in his son's powers a mine of future wealth; and it being stipulated on the part of the proposers of the subscription that Zerah should be exhibited no longer than till the 5000 dollars were collected, the father, an unlettered farmer, conceived some undefined dread that others were desirous of depriving him of the riches he anticipated. This seems to us to be the truth of the matter, though Zerah Colburn in his work attempts to place his father's conduct in a more favourable light. The subscription-proposal was most honourable to Boston, and the rejection of it, whatever might be the father's motives, was most certainly injurious to the permanent interests of the son.

A voyage to Britain was now determined upon, and Mr Colburn landed with Zerah in England, in May 1812. They immediately commenced an exhibition at Spring Gardens in London, and attracted the notice of all classes in the country. A boy, barely eight years old, resolving the most difficult numerical questions as if by magic, was indeed an object deserving of attention. Zerah seems at this time to have reached

a degree of perfection which he never at any future period went beyond. His feats, whether we consider the rapidity of execution or the number of figures (if we use this term in speaking of a mental process) in many of his calculations, were a novelty to the world. On one occasion, "he undertook and succeeded in raising the number 8 to the sixteenth power, and gave the answer correctly in the last result, namely, 281,474,976,710,656. He was then tried as to other numbers, consisting of one figure, all of which he raised as high as the tenth power, with so much facility and dispatch, that the person appointed to take down the results was obliged to enjoin him not to be so rapid. He was asked the square root of 106,929, and before the number could be written down, he immediately answered, 327. He was then requested to name the cube root of 268,336,125, and with equal promptness and facility he replied, 645." One person proposed that he should name "the factors which produce the number 171,395, and he named the following factors as the only ones:—34,279 multiplied by 5, 21,485 multiplied by 7, 2905 multiplied by 59, 2065 multiplied by 83, 4897 multiplied by 35, 581 multiplied by 295, 415 multiplied by 413. He was then asked to give the factors of 36,083, but he immediately replied that it had none; which, in fact, was the case, it being a prime number." By a mental calculation, this wonderful boy discovered an error of the French mathematicians, which the celebrated Euler detected only after long and profound study.

The exhibition of Zerah in London continued for two years, with an interval of six months spent in Scotland. All this while his general education was neglected. Many of his English well-wishers saw this with regret, and it was proposed to publish a work containing an account of him, the subscriptions for which many influential persons were active in forwarding. While this was going on, Mr Colburn took his son to Paris, where he did not attract much attention, save from men of science. Zerah was here placed at the College of Henry IV., in which he continued up to February 1816. Hitherto he could do little more than simply *read and write*, but he now made some advances towards higher acquirements. He says he found languages easy and pleasant, arithmetic entertaining, geometry plain but dull: "a sufficient proof," says an acute observer, "that the reasoning faculty was not active than usual."

On returning to London, Mr Colburn senior, having fallen into embarrassed circumstances, obtained a supply of money by causing his son to explain his methods of calculation to such gentlemen as would promise ten names as subscribers to the projected work. The circumstances of Zerah and his father now attracted the notice of a generous nobleman, who offered to pay for the boy's education at Westminster school. The offer was accepted, and Zerah entered this seminary in September 1816. Now, at the age of twelve, it may be said properly to have begun his education. He was for a time very uncomfortably situated at Westminster school, on account of the abominable custom of flogging; that is, of compelling the younger boys to act in the capacity of fags or slaves to the older. Zerah was compelled for a time to submit to this degrading practice, but afterwards, with his father's assistance, was successful in procuring its abrogation in his particular instance. From this period he went on peaceably, though with no brilliancy, in the ordinary routine of study, for more than two years, at the end of which time his noble patron expressed a desire that his own chaplain, under whose charge the boy had passed his vacations, should have Zerah placed altogether under his management. Mr Colburn senior would not agree to this, although an annuity of £50 was at the same time offered to himself. Thus did the father a second time frustrate his son's prospects, as far as regarded his obtaining a complete course of education.

Zerah was now about fifteen years old, and but half educated. Having a propensity for the stage, it was resolved that he should endeavour to draw from that source a permanent livelihood, which his calculating powers could, for obvious reasons, no longer yield. He came out at Margate in the character of young Naval, and with tolerable success. Subsequently, he travelled through Scotland and Ireland in a theatrical capacity. In 1821, he left the stage, and took to the employment of a teacher. His success in this character was but indifferent, and he accepted in 1824 an engagement under Dr Young, as a calculator for the Nautical Almanac. The death of his father in the same year determined Zerah at last to return to America, which he was enabled to do chiefly by the bounty of his former noble patron. His career in his native country, previous to his entrance upon the clerical life, contains nothing of general interest.

It now remains for us to advert to Zerah Colburn's methods of calculation, and the nature of the peculiar mental powers which he exhibited almost from infancy. His calculating processes, as he describes them himself, are such (says a writer on this subject) as any one could imitate, "if he had only a most enormous memory, and facility of combining numbers. We can only account for the phenomenon, by supposing the numerical faculties so much larger than usual, that he could feel his way to a proportionate extent; so that he would get and retain the same instantaneous conviction, that 13 times 13 make 169, which others are that 3 times 3 make 9." The reader might study Mr Colburn's long explanatory pages of figures for

months, without diving farther into the mystery than this. These explanations will not teach an ordinary man to calculate one whit faster than former. Memory alone, however enormous its strength, seems quite insufficient to account for Colburn's powers. How many men, with what may be termed a first-rate general memory, direct their faculties in vain to the attainment of arithmetical excellence! Besides, on any other than numerical subjects, Zerah showed no better memory than common.

George Bidder is the name, it is well known, of another mental calculator, whose talents displayed themselves in early youth. At seven years of age, this boy attracted great notice, and was subsequently exhibited in public. Bidder answered the most complicated questions in algebra, in a minute or little more, without the aid of notation. In the belief that the mathematics came within the scope of his powers, several gentlemen of Edinburgh undertook the charge of his education, with the view of training him to the profession of an engineer. It was found, however, that he made no figure in mathematics, his particular sphere, apparently, being numerical calculation. Apart from that, he showed no unusual strength of memory, or any peculiarity of mind whatever.

The cases of Colburn and Bidder, it is but justice to phrenology to say, are easily accounted for on those principles of mental philosophy which that science teaches. The extreme development of such a faculty as Number, would explain at once the marvellous powers of the mental calculators. Whether this faculty or any other is indicated by the shape of the head at a particular spot, is a question which we have no wish to discuss; but certainly we should think it unfair not to admit that many of the *divisions* of the mental powers, which the advocates of phrenology have laboured to establish, seem to us to afford a better explanation of numerous phenomena of mind, than is to be derived from any previous system. The power of mental calculation is one example of this.

Our readers may wish to know whether Bidder and Colburn still retain their striking faculty. The former is at this moment in the active exercise of it, in its original strength, being placed in a public office where it is of great service. Zerah Colburn, again, according to his own account, has allowed his powers to get a little rusted; we say *allowed*, because he imagines that frequent exercise would restore all their former brightness.

THE BILLET.

It was three o'clock upon a cold, dark, wet, November day, before the detachment commanded by Lieutenant Mostyn, of the Queen's Rangers, entered the large old town of Balaiaerach. The soldiers and their officer were drenched and weary, and not a little annoyed at having to stand for long time in the market-place, waiting for their billets; the place being already so full of soldiers, that no accommodation could be afforded at any house of public entertainment. At length, having obtained the talisman necessary to procure shelter, the open sesame which obliges the most stubborn doors to uncloset, Mostyn, and about ten of his men who were destined to the same place, threaded two or three cross streets, and came at last to a large gloomy-looking edifice, apparently occupied by one of the principal families of the town. A rather aged servant in a rich livery opened the door, and looked more surprised than pleased at the party, who, by virtue of the authority before mentioned, demanded quarters for the night. Hesitating a little, he invited Mostyn into the hall, but requested that he would desire the men to stand outside, until he should report their arrival to his master. Though vexed with the delay, the officer, sympathising in the annoyance which this invasion of the domestic seclusion of a private family was calculated to produce, signified his assent. The domestic shortly returned, saying that his master would willingly pay any expenses that might be incurred, if his military visitors would consent to betake themselves elsewhere. Mostyn now grew indignant; he told the servant, that, however unwilling he might feel to intrude where he was not welcome, himself and the men under his command required rest and refreshment, and that, therefore, he must insist upon being immediately conducted to the quarters assigned to them by a mandate which could not be disputed. A further delay of a few minutes was craved, in order to make the necessary preparations for the reception of so large a party. To this the officer assented, very unwilling, notwithstanding the personal inconvenience sustained by his self-denial, to push matters to any extremity; and waiting with as much patience as he could muster for the return of the servant, he comforted the poor soldiers without, with the prospect of speedy admission.

In something less than ten minutes, the same person, no other having yet been visible, made his reappearance, and conducting Mostyn and his party to a back entrance, ushered them into a large courtyard. A servant's hall stretching on one side of this quadrangle, evidently vacated in haste, was to be appropriated, the domestic said, to the soldiers. A cheerful fire blazed in a grate of considerable dimensions, and the poor fellows, delighted at

having gained a place of shelter, threw down their knapsacks, piled their arms in one corner, and began to make themselves comfortable. Their conductor, as if somewhat to atone for his late incivility, afforded the welcome intelligence that refreshments would be speedily forthcoming; and Mostyn, having been shown two good apartments over the stables, which were to be got in readiness for the place of their repose, now bethought himself of his own wet condition. The baggage-wagon had come up, and his servant being in attendance with his portmanteaus, he desired to be conducted to his chamber. The elderly domestic, who still continued to be the only individual belonging to the family to be seen, led the visitors through a long stone passage, and up a back staircase, to a large, handsome, but very dismal and old-fashioned, apartment. The cold damp state of the atmosphere showed that the fire of turf and logs, which was already shedding a genial warmth round its immediate vicinity, had only been newly lighted. There was, however, a gladdening promise in the glowing turf and crackling wood; and having removed the travel-stains from his hands and face, and made a change of dress, he sat down to the enjoyment which his cold and wearied state so much required.

Having at length warmed himself so thoroughly as to be obliged to retreat a little from the fire, Mostyn began to look about the room. A pair of massy silver candlesticks, holding wax candles of corresponding dimensions, stood upon the table; but these, when lighted, did not serve to illumine very strongly the dark carved wainscotted room, with its sombre furniture. There were three doors to the apartment, one apparently opening on the principal staircase, and one into another chamber, this last being blocked up by a large press, which had been hastily placed before it—so hastily as not to have answered the intended purpose of affording concealment, since the post and hinges were visible on one side. The discolouration of the wainscot showed the place from which this piece of furniture had been moved; and Mostyn, feeling rather annoyed at the suspicion which so very unnecessary a precaution implied, began to entertain some curiosity respecting the inmates of a mansion in which he was evidently so unwelcome a guest. He had heard a great deal of the hospitality of Ireland, but felt disposed to think the accounts exaggerated, from the very sorry sample which he had experienced upon his first entrance into the country. He had sent his servant to join his fellow-soldiers in the courtyard below; and though now beginning to feel very hungry, he was unwilling to ring the bell, to inquire whether it would be necessary for him to sail forth in quest of a meal, which would not be very easily procured at any of the over-crowded hotels of a place which seemed to hold out no promise of good entertainment anywhere. Sauntering to the window, he perceived that it looked out upon a large garden, judging of the space from the distance at which the lights from the adjacent towers twinkled, for the evening was too dark to make any other observation regarding its exact boundaries. A bookcase next attracted his attention; and taking up a volume in a very ancient binding, he found that it contained a series of those monkish legends of which he had frequently heard, but which he had never chance to meet with before. Missals, lives of the saints of a more modern era, and the sermons of Father Dionysius Mulleney, a Dominican friar, composed the collection. The speculations to which these observations gave rise, were agreeably interrupted by the appearance of the same servant who had performed the scanty honours in the first instance, and who might almost be supposed to be the only inhabitant of the mansion. Phindick, for by that appellation this trusty serving man announced himself, a name strange to Mostyn's English ears, brought a tray in his hand, which, being placed upon the table, and duly uncovered, displayed a broiled fowl, a few rashers of bacon with an egg delicately poached upon each, and other concomitants truly refreshing to the eyes of the hungry soldier, who, in spite of his reluctance to accept favours which he considered to be ungraciously bestowed, was too hardly pressed by hunger to refrain from the repast now set before him. A plentiful supply of claret, whisky, and bottled porter, the last in compliment to the guest's presumed English taste, crowned the board; but Mostyn, being habitually temperate, took no more than seemed absolutely necessary to recruit his strength and spirits. The table cleared, he was again left to himself; and having satisfied his curiosity by the perusal of a few pages of the books which had invited his attention, he strolled again to the window.

The rain had now ceased, but the evening, for night had scarcely yet approached, continued to be dark and gloomy, and it was some time before he could discern any object without. At length a sudden blaze, apparently proceeding from a bonfire kindled in an adjoining lane, showed him the figure of a man standing opposite to the window, and apparently watching his movements. The light was so strong that the form and features of this person were distinctly disclosed; and the shovel hat, and the peculiar make of his coat and under garments, a black silk vestment appearing beneath, showed that he belonged to the clerical profession. The moment he discovered that his presence must be made known to the young officer, he walked away; and Mostyn, feeling rather indignant at finding that his movements were so closely watched, drew a thick dark curtain across the window, and so shaded the light that nothing passing in the room

could be seen from without; he even covered the key-holes of the doors; and now trying the one opening on the principal staircase, and finding that it was locked, he bolted it on the inside, being determined to secure himself from the impertinent intrusion of those who seemed to entertain a desire to pry into things which did not concern them. Though not naturally of an inquisitive disposition, at least perfectly free from the vulgar curiosity which renders so many people desirous to acquaint themselves with the personal affairs of their neighbours, he could not help feeling a strong anxiety to learn something respecting the family with whom he had been brought so unexpectedly into contact. The only individual belonging to it with whom he had conversed, was either singularly incommunicative, or, for some reason best known to himself, had put a restraint upon his natural disposition. Mostyn, while refraining from leading questions, had made an endeavour to draw some information from his attendant; but Phadrick, if comprehending his drift, had out-manoeuvred him, for not a single word had he dropped, which could in the slightest way tend to the development of the mystery, for such there seemed to be, which hung over the house. This excess of caution partly defeated its object, for it led the stranger to suspect that something lurked beneath it, which was not very creditable to the parties concerned; and this notion sharpened his eyes and ears, and rendered him attentive to the most trivial circumstance.

It being now time to look after the soldiers under his command, and to see that they were properly established for the night, Mostyn quitted his apartment, and went down stairs, guided by a lamp which was suspended in the passage below. As he pursued his way, a door, partly concealed by the projection in the wall, opened suddenly, and the light within showed a young woman, apparently a servant of the superior class, who looked with an eager appealing face at the officer, and made a sign; but in the next moment a step being heard, the door was instantly closed, and the appearance of Phadrick at the bottom of the stairs, seemed to explain the cause of the abrupt termination of the interview. Mostyn now passed a door of what appeared to be the kitchen, which stood open, but the apartment was tenantless, and the soldiers seemed to have the courtyard adjoining entirely to themselves—another extraordinary circumstance, since, as Phadrick did not bear the appearance of a servant of all work, there must be others in the family, who had evidently been removed in order to prevent any communication with the strangers. Taking a servant with him, Mostyn left the house by the back entrance, and walked round to the front door, for the purpose of reconnoitring a little. As he looked up at the large dark edifice, unrelieved by a single gleam of light from any of the windows, the hall door opened, and out came the same clerical-looking personage who had appeared before in the garden: the light of a large lamp suspended from the portal, enabled the parties to recognise each other; and the young officer almost intuitively touched his cap, from deference to the individual who seemed to be for the time his host. The other, affecting not to notice the movement, did not return the salute, and both passed upon their way. Mostyn, having once or twice turned back to speak to the servant, perceived that he was dogged by the man in black, who invariably remained loitering about, while he and the servant visited the soldiers of the detachment, who were quartered in small parties in different places in the town. A disagreeable sensation came over the young officer's mind: without seeming to notice the intention of this spy, he determined to defeat it; and perceiving in one of the houses which he entered, a second outlet leading to another street, he took his departure by that way. He had not proceeded many paces, before he met another of the few acquaintances whom he might be said to have made in the town. This was an old beggar woman, who, during his detention in the afternoon of that day at the door of the house upon which he had been billeted, had kept curtsying, and curtseying, until melted by her forlorn appearance, and the saturated state of her scanty garments, he had flung a small piece of silver at her feet; for Mostyn had not been long enough in Ireland to become hardened against the appeals of its wretched mendicants. The woman accosted him—not as before, with supplications for charity. "Send the servant away," she exclaimed, "and let me have speech of you." Mostyn, scarcely knowing why, desired the servant to go the rest of the round alone, and to meet him in the market-place in a quarter of an hour. "The virgin speed you," cried the old woman; "and now, avoume—I beg your pardon, your honour I mane—on no account let Phadrick keep the key of the door; and be sure to visit the soldiers you understand, in the course of the night, and get a picklock or two; they'll be of service—mind that." "A picklock!" exclaimed Mostyn, "how am I to get such a thing?—the people will take me for a burglar." "That's thrue," returned the woman; "it is for the likes of yez to be bargaining for picklocks. But trust me with the money, and I'll bring it ye. Oh, then, don't be hesitating, for there's more in it than you mind." Struck with the earnest manner of the woman, Mostyn drew a dollar from his pocket, and put it into her hand. She instantly dived down a narrowalley; and, wondering at his own credulity, the young man remained standing in the place in which she had left him, expecting never to see her or the money again. But in this he was mistaken: the beggar returned in the course of a few minutes, and put two picklocks into his hand; she then, with the honesty which the poorest people in Ireland so frequently display, tendered him the change. "Keep it yourself, my good woman," he exclaimed, in some surprise at so striking a proof of the presence of the highest moral feeling in a person of her abject condition. "Oh then! and may the saints preserve you," she was beginning to exclaim; but she stopped short, and again disappeared. Mostyn was made aware of the cause of her sudden exit, by the approach of the person who had dogged him before, who was now walking up the opposite side of the street or lane, and had been seen by the beggar woman before he could possibly have been perceived by him, as the officer

stood between them, and so closely to her as to screen her effectually from view. He now walked carelessly to the market-place, purchased a few cigars by way of doing something, and then, being rejoined by the servant, returned to his quarters.

Mostyn forbore from any confidential communication with this man, because he rightly judged that he had been kept in profound ignorance of the affairs of the household, and that, by exciting his curiosity, he should only render Phadrick, who would doubtless become acquainted with any inquiries which might be made, doubly cautious. Assuming, therefore, a careless air, after he had seen that the soldiers were all safe, he demanded that the keys of the house, and of the courtyard door, should be given up to him, as he perceived that this domestic was about to take them under his own care. "It will be necessary for me," he said, "to go my rounds in the night. I have hitherto kept the soldiers from committing excesses, during the march, by this means, and I cannot suffer any hindrance to the performance of my duty." Phadrick obeyed, but with a very bad grace. He said that he was up to open the door when it was wanted. "I am unwilling," returned Mostyn, "to put the family to more inconvenience than is strictly necessary, but the interests of the service require that I should have free egress and regress to the soldiers; and as there seems to be a desire upon your part to place obstacles in the way, I shall direct a corporal to take up his post in the kitchen. He can sleep as well there as in the berth provided for him, and it will prevent the necessity of harassing the men, by mounting a guard and placing sentinels at the doors." A corporal was accordingly, much to Phadrick's annoyance, stationed in the kitchen. He was a man upon whom Mostyn could depend; and commanding him to look to his arms, and to sleep with one eye open, he took his way to his own chamber, and, seating himself by the fire, waited impatiently for the time in which he might sally out again. From the moment in which he had entered it, the young man had been struck with the extreme quietude prevailing throughout the house. Whether on account of the thickness of the walls, or the caution of the inhabitants, not a single sound broke the dead silence. At length he heard something, which seemed at first like the brushing of the wing of a bird against the window; it occurred again, and now a slight tap could be distinguished. The window, being a casement, opened easily, and without noise; and depending from a rope he found a small packet, which he instantly unfastened. It contained a letter evidently written in haste; and tearing it open, he read the following words: "You are a soldier and a gentleman; therefore bound to rescue the distressed. I have no time for explanation; let it suffice, that I am placed in great jeopardy, and shall become the victim of a heartless project, unless I can effect my escape this night. Send up the picklocks, together with a complete suit of your clothes; they may be too large, but I will make them fit. Remove the large press which stands against the door, and be ready to receive and conduct me from this place. Be quick, for there is a person watching in the garden, whose attention can only be drawn off for a few minutes." Mostyn could not make out from this letter whether the writer were male or female. He inclined to believe that it must be the latter; but, without waiting to consider, he proceeded to fulfil the desire of his unknown correspondent.

It happened very fortunately that he had taken charge of the uniform belonging to a brother officer, who was rather diminutive, which had been entrusted to him by a tailor in Dublin, and having a second cloak—for he was somewhat of a dandy, and kept one for bad weather—he made a bundle of the whole, taking especial care to enclose the picklocks. The weight soon rendered the party above aware that the rope might be drawn up, and it accordingly disappeared; Mostyn taking care so effectually to shadow the light from the fire and the candles, that no one, even at a short distance outside, could perceive what he was about. He next set to work to remove the press, which he contrived to effect without making any noise; and nothing more remaining to be done, he fixed his eyes upon the door, expecting with some emotion the arrival of a visitor. The clock of the principal church of the town had tolled the hour of one, and Mostyn, with his watch in his hand, counted the fleeting minutes. At length the door opened, and a person, dressed in the uniform which he had furnished, entered. It was evidently a female, though the skin had been stained to a dark tint, and she held a handkerchief to her face as she addressed him. Yet Mostyn's experienced eyes could not be deceived, although, without the cause which he had for doubt, the disguise was so perfect that no one would have entertained the slightest suspicion. A few hurried words alone passed. "You must get me out as quickly as you can," she exclaimed; "Phadrick will be upon the watch; but the night is so dark, and I know the place so well, that, once clear of the passage below, I am sure that I shall escape undetected; and it is of the greatest consequence that no one shall know how I got away, or where I am going." Mostyn, directing his fair friend to keep close behind, led the way; he opened the door cautiously, and, bethinking himself of another precaution, encased his feet in silk handkerchiefs: then quietly stealing down the stairs, he contrived to reach the lamp unheard, and by a sudden swing, put it out. He then challenged the corporal in a loud voice, inquiring rather angrily why the lamp had been suffered to go out. His companion darted forward before a light could be brought; and Phadrick only made his appearance in time to see the young officer quit the house, for spite of his watchfulness, having dozed a little, he was not aware that the lamp had only been that moment extinguished. Mostyn found his companion on the outside of the courtyard; they walked on at first in silence; at length she spoke. "I must take the mail to Dublin," she said; "it will presently pass the end of the town; and as I shall get out at or near the barred gate, I cannot be traced; for we shall arrive at too early an hour for any one to recognise me. Oblige me, therefore, by your card, in order that I may know to whom I am so much indebted: my escape seems quite miraculous, for we could not be certain that old Allie understood 'bout the picklocks,

and without them nothing could have been done. And now let me entreat your silence, should you be questioned about this affair. Phadrick will find my maid locked up in the room as he left her last night, and I have endeavoured to make it appear that I got away by means of another window in my apartment—a plan which I have sometimes thought feasible; and at any rate it will be impossible for the aid you have so kindly afforded to be brought home to you, if you will persist in affecting to know nothing of the matter." Mostyn promised, and at that moment the mail drove up, and, being entirely empty, soon received the stranger into the inside. In two minutes, after a hurried shake of the hand, the lady was proceeding on her way. Mostyn then returned to his quarters, almost fancying that the whole adventure must have been a dream. Having dismissed the corporal to his berth, he sought his chamber, replaced the press, and then endeavoured to obtain a few hours of repose. The sound of the distant reveille awoke him at daybreak, and in a few minutes afterwards, Phadrick entered with coffee and hot water. Apparently, the orderly conduct of the soldiers, who were preparing to march, and the quiet manner in which Mostyn had submitted to the rather cavalier treatment which he had received, had made an impression upon this person's mind, and rendered him anxious, by increasing civility, to atone for the past. He however continued to keep a sharp eye upon the party, and saw them march off with the most undisguised satisfaction. Mostyn smiled in his sleeve, as he caught a view of his countenance, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the door-post, and watching the receding group until they fairly turned the corner.

They were soon clear of the town, and while marching along the road, Mostyn endeavoured to recall the features of the person to his mind whom he had so effectually served on the preceding night. Young she certainly was, and, notwithstanding the manner in which she had attempted to disguise her face, handsome; but beyond a pair of fine dark eyes, and a row of brilliant white teeth, he could not form any distinct notion. Every moment he expected that either Phadrick or the priest would appear in pursuit; but apparently the hopelessness of recovering the fugitive, should she have sought protection from a detachment of soldiers, prevented the attempt. At any rate, the party pursued their march unmolested. Mostyn had to invent some excuse concerning the non-appearance of his friend's uniform, and to write to Dublin for a fresh supply. Several weeks passed without the promised letter, but at length a small packet arrived by coach, addressed to Lieutenant Mostyn. It contained some very graceful and warm acknowledgments of the service rendered, but no explanation and no signature, and concluded with an entreaty that the person to whom the donor felt so strongly indebted, would keep for her sake an accompanying trinket. This proved to be a gold bracelet of very curious and antique workmanship, fastened by a clasp still more remarkable, set round with diamonds. Nothing could exceed Mostyn's disappointment; he had hoped and expected to have received much more confidential communication, but was left as completely in the dark as ever. The few inquiries which he had been able to make concerning the family in Balincraeagh, had not been successful; his regimental duties had prevented him from returning to the town, and being unacquainted with the name of the person whose house he had been billeted, it was not very easy to acquire any sort of information concerning him.

About two years afterwards, the Queen's Rangers were ordered to Dublin, and in the course of a few weeks Mostyn saw, at the vice-regal court, a young lady, who wore a bracelet upon her arm, which exactly corresponded with the one which had long been considered his most valued treasure. Immediately accosting her, she received him with a smile of the sweetest welcome, and, already prepared to fall in love, before half the evening was over the young man felt that he had encountered his fate. It need scarcely be said that he was in a state put into possession of those circumstances which so much excited his curiosity. "It is fortunate," said Eileen O'Hara to her lover, "that I am so sincerely disposed to like you, since no other man could be my husband; for, in the very painful situation in which I have been placed, it is you alone who can vouch for the purity of my conduct, while taking a step certainly sufficient to compromise my reputation. You know that I am an heiress. My uncle, who was my guardian, unfortunately thought that the property bequeathed to me by my grandfather ought to have been the inheritance of his son. There were two methods of securing this coveted wealth to the family, either by a marriage with my cousin, or by my taking the veil, in which event a compromise might be made with the church. I was, however, averse to either of these alternatives; the more so, in consequence of my having become acquainted with a circumstance relating to my cousin's exploits, in which he appeared to me to have placed his life in jeopardy, and which at any rate determined me never to unite my fate with that of a man capable of the most dreadful crime. An act of indiscretion upon my part betrayed my knowledge of this dangerous secret, and it then seemed to my uncle's family to be absolutely necessary that my silence should be insured. Finding me still refractory, they kept me a close prisoner, on the pretence that I had imbilled heretical opinions; and I had too much reason to believe that my death would have been compassed in the event of the failure of other measures for the fulfilment of their object. Phadrick had the honour of the family too much at heart not to enter zealously into any plan which seemed essential to its preservation, and, under the influence of hardened bigotry, he saw little or no objection to measures which might be employed concerning the disposal of my life. His daughter, however, who was my attendant, proved more compassionate, and though closely watched, contrived to make old Allie, the beggar-woman, comprehend something of what was going on. It was my earnest desire to avoid any unnecessary eclat in my departure, as my reputation could not fail to suffer by my retreat until I became of age, I should have been exposed

to continual persecution. I have written to my uncle to say, that as I have now nothing to fear from him, so he has nothing to fear from me. To you I feel that I owe a full explanation of all these circumstances; and of the strong necessity which impelled me to throw myself upon the protection of a stranger."

It is almost needless to add, that the singular story of Eileen O'Hara was not heard by our hero without emotion; and that many days did not elapse before she became the wife of the intrepid Mostyn.

THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR OF NAPLES.

BY GOTTHEL*

VOLKMANN says, in his Historical and Critical Notes upon Italy, "There are at Naples between thirty and forty thousand idle people, who have no species of employment, and never ask for any. All their wants are supplied in the possession of a few yards of linen for clothes, and six quattrine for their daily maintenance. Having no trade, they stretch themselves at night upon benches, and hence they are sometimes deridingly called Banchieri or Lazaroni. They regard all the conveniences of life with a truly Stoical indifference. So many unemployed people are indeed a great evil in a state; but it is very difficult to change the taste of a nation, and to make those industrious whose inclination is decidedly indolent."

I did indeed observe at Naples a number of very shabbily-dressed people, but none who were without employment. I therefore addressed some queries to my acquaintances respecting the forty thousand loungers enumerated by Volkmann, with whose habits I felt a desire to become acquainted, but they were not able to point out any of them to me, so I went myself in search of them.

I began by making myself acquainted with the different figures in the great crowd, and learning to judge of them and classify them according to their dress, figure, occupation, and manners. I found this operation much more easily performed at Naples than it could have been anywhere else, because men are there more governed by their own taste, and consequently their exterior appearance is usually sufficiently indicative of their situation in society.

I began my observations early in the morning, and all the persons whom I found sauntering or lying about at this period of the day, were such as had no other employment but what the passing hour might present. These are porters, who have certain privileged stations, where they wait on for employment; Callesari, who, with their servants and boys, stand by the side of their one-horse cabriolets, in the great public squares, waiting the call of any person who may wish to employ them; sailors, who smoke their pipes upon the Mole; fishermen, who lie basking in the sun, because the wind is unfavourable for their putting to sea. I saw likewise many people moving about from place to place, but with every appearance of business. I saw no beggars, excepting those who were infirm with age, and cripples. The more I looked around me, the more extensive my observations were, the fewer could I discover, either in the lower or middle classes—whether in the morning or during the day—of such people as might be truly called *loungers*. I will enter into some details in further explanation of what I now assert.

Even the youngest children find various kinds of employment at Naples. A number of them carry fish for sale to the city from Santa Lucia; others are frequently to be seen in the neighbourhood of the Arsenal, or wherever any carpenter-work is wrought, gathering the little chips of wood, or occasionally upon the beach, where small pieces of wood are usually cast up, of which they gather even the smallest bits into their little baskets; these they afterwards carry into the city, where they may be seen sitting by the side of their little stores for sale. The work-people, or petty merchants, buy this wood, either for the purpose of using it in their small kitchens, or burning it upon a tripod for warmth. Other children carry water from the sulphurous springs, which is very much drunk, particularly in the spring months. Others try to earn a little money by retailing honey, fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats to other children, for which they perhaps only receive their own share for nothing. It is indeed amusing to observe how one of these boys, whose whole goods and furniture consists in a plank and a knife, will carry about a water-melon or half of a roasted pumpkin—how the crowds of children assemble around him while he lays down his board and begins dividing the fruit into small pieces, the buyers watching very narrowly that they get a fair equivalent for their small piece of copper coin, while the little merchant treats the business with corresponding gravity on his side, lest he should be overreached in the bargain.

A great number of persons, part of them grown up, and part boys, but generally very ill-clothed, are occupied in carrying the ashes and rubbish out of the town upon asses. The fields surrounding Naples are like our kitchen-gardens; and it is pleasant to see the immense quantity of vegetables which is brought into the town, every market-day, and how the people carry out again in their return to the fields, the superfluous parts thrown away by the cooks, to accelerate again the cycle of vegetation. Owing to the immense consumption of vegetables, the stocks and leaves of cauliflower, broccoli, artichokes, cabbage, salad, and garlic, form a principal part in the city refuse. Two large flexible baskets, hung upon the back of an ass, are not only filled, but heaped, with particular art. No garden can be kept without one of these minors. A servant, a boy, and sometimes the master himself, hastens as frequently as possible during the day to the city, which is at every hour a rich mine to them. I have been assured that a couple of such people, when they join together to buy an ass, and to farm from a larger proprietor a little piece of garden, will soon succeed by their industry, in this happy climate where vegetation never sustains a check, to enlarge their trade.

It would lead me too far out of my way, were I here to speak of the various little branches of commerce which

one observes in the city of Naples, as in every other large place; but I must allude to the people who are to be met with here, carrying about refreshments. Some of these bear flaggons of leed water and lemons for making lemonade—a beverage which even the lowest class of people must here enjoy. Others have trays, upon which are placed bottles of different liquors, and small glasses secured by wooden rings. Others have baskets containing various kinds of cakes, lemons, and other fruits; and it seems as if every one wished to increase and to share the great fete of pleasure which every day beholds celebrated at Naples.

In the same manner you will likewise observe a number of hawkers, who go about offering their trifling wares for sale on a board or the lid of a box. Sometimes they are to be seen seated upon the ground in the squares. Not a piece of iron, however small, or linen, is lost at Naples, but every thing is brought here and disposed of in some shape or other. There is also a great number of the lower Neapolitan classes employed by the merchants and artizans as porters.

It is true that one meets at almost every step with an ill-clothed and ragged-looking fellow; but, for all that, he is not a lounger. I might almost advance the apparent paradox, that, at Naples, the lowest classes exhibit the greatest industry. We cannot, indeed, compare their industry with that of the people of the North, who have to provide, not only for the day and hour, but also in the days of prosperity for those of adversity, and through the summer for the winter.

On the other hand, we judge too severely of the Southern nations, whom heaven has treated so benignantly. What M. de Paw observes, in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*, of the philosophers of the Cynic sect, may be fully applied to them. He observes that we have not a just idea of what we call the miserable situation of these men; that their principle to deprive themselves of every comfort, is very much favoured by a climate which grants every thing. A poor man, who appears miserable to us, may, in these countries, not only satisfy his most necessary wants, but even enjoy life in a very comfortable manner; and, in the same manner, a Neapolitan beggar may perhaps despise the situation of a viceroy of Norway, and contemn the honour, were the emperor of Russia to confer upon him the government of Siberia.

Certainly in our countries a Cynic philosopher would be very badly off; while, in the countries of the South, nature almost invites men to such a mode of life. There the ragged man is not unhappy; he who has neither a house of his own nor is able to hire one, but in summer spends his nights under any shelter, upon the threshold of palaces or churches, or in public halls, and in bad weather gets himself lodged somewhere for a small piece of money, is not miserable. A man is not poor because he has had no object to excite his wishes during the day. If we reflect what a mass of food the sea—so rich in fish, on which those people are obliged by their laws to live for so many days of the week—affords, how every kind of fruit and vegetable is in abundance during its season, how the region in which Naples is situated has merited the name of *Terra di Lavoro* (not the "Country of Labour," but the "Country of Agriculture"), and how the whole province has borne for ages the title of the Happy Country—*Campagna felice*—it will easily be conceived how easy it is to live there.

RIVERS.

[From "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons—Spring," by the Rev. Henry Duncan, Ruthwell, just published.]

RIVERS owe their origin to mountains, and other elevations of the earth's surface. Were the land a dead level, we could have no running water, for a stream only moves because of the elevation of its source above its channel. At first, perhaps, a tiny streamlet, caused by the overflowing of the waters of a spring from its rocky basin, the youthful river is gradually enlarged by mountain brooks, almost equal to itself, pouring into it on either side, and by casual yet large supplies from rain, mist, and melted snow. Near its source it is easily fordable, or is crossed by some rustic wooden bridge; but widening and deepening as it goes, it is at length only to be traversed by the ferry-boat, or by a series of lofty arches, connected into one magnificent bridge. It waters and fertilises innumerable fields; mighty forests owe to it their stateliness and beauty; it furnishes drink to unnumbered flocks and herds, and to the inhabitants of populous cities; and after discharging a thousand salutary offices, whether in supplying man with its wholesome waters, or in draining an entire region of its impurities, it at last mingles its flood with the ocean.

Lakes and inland seas are commonly either formed and fed by a number of rivers, or they are but the expansion of a single stream. On a river flowing into a valley, surrounded on all sides by elevated ground, it is evident that its waters, unless they escape by some subterraneous channel, must collect, spread over a considerable surface, and rise to the level of the lowest outlet, through which they will then pass on in their way to the sea. The higher the water² have to rise before finding egress, the broader and deeper usually will be the lake that is thereby formed. Many feeders from the surrounding eminences also fall into the expanded sheet of water. Thus the lakes of Constance and Geneva may be viewed as respectively formed by the Rhine and the Rhone, and enlarged by smaller auxiliary streams. The Dead Sea, whose mænus waters cover the site of the doomed Cities of the Plain, is an expansion of the Jordan. But in this instance the ground was miraculously burnt up or sunk, so that the river which formerly beautified the whole plain in its uninterrupted progress, and continued its course till it reached the Red Sea, now empties itself into a vast cavity, and forms a lake.

It has been observed, that more rivers run east or west than either north or south; and this has been accounted for by geologists from the fact, which many concurrent phenomena seem to establish, that the valleys of mountain ranges have been scooped out by a mighty current of waters, whose direction has been, speaking generally, from west to east. Thus the Po and the Danube run eastward, and the Tagus westward, according to the direction of the plains and basins which separate the mountains that produce them. Even though, as in South America, an extensive mountain chain run north and south, the rivers that rise in it may yet flow east or west; for the lower ranges of hills may, and generally do, run in that direction. The Amazon, the Orinoco, and the La Plata, in South America; the St Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Missouri, in North America, and, indeed, most of the rivers of these vast continents, flow toward the east or the west, though the Andes in the former, and the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains in the latter, run northward and southward.

The exact number of rivers in the globe can scarcely be ascertained; but it has been computed that in the united continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, about 450, and in North and South America about 200, principal streams, discharge themselves directly into the ocean. Of brooks and tributaries there is a countless multitude. Every province of the earth is intersected with them, as with innumerable meandering streams, all subservient to the circulation of that indispensable fluid, water. When we consider the vast size of many rivers, in connection with the number of the whole, the quantity of water they must convey to the sea appears truly incalculable. It has been computed that the Po, which, near its mouth, is 1000 feet broad, and ten feet deep, and has a velocity of four miles an hour, discharges five billions of cubic feet of water per day, or nearly two trillions, that is, about fourteen cubic miles annually. How enormous then must be the annual tribute of the Amazon, before which the Po dwindles into a tiny streamlet. This majestic river, or inland flood, is 3600 miles in length, and at its mouth forms an estuary 150 miles broad. Its depth in many places is said to exceed 100 fathoms. We may form some idea of the quantity of water annually discharged into the ocean by rivers, when we learn that it amounts, on the most moderate calculation, to 1400 times the quantity discharged by the Po. Were it not for this immense and never-ending drain, the whole earth would soon be under water; for the evaporation from land and sea is so great, that, though only a third of it may fall upon the land in the shape of rain or snow, and about two-fifths of that third may be dissipated again through the atmosphere, or absorbed in the processes of vegetation, there will yet remain a superfluous quantity sufficient to deluge entire continents.

Rivers may at first sight appear to obstruct inland communication, but in reality they greatly facilitate it. Through their means, ships can visit the interior of mighty regions, and merchandise can be conveyed from one place to another in boats and rafts. When they are not suitable for navigation, on account of their shallowness, or of some peculiar obstructions, they can yet supply with water navigable canals. They also furnish men with a power almost unlimited, in turning the wheels that set in motion his vast piles of machinery. So useful, in many ways, are rivers, that almost all towns are situated on their banks. It would appear, indeed, that no town can flourish unless it lie upon the sea-shore, or upon the banks of some considerable stream; while to rivers many towns owe their pre-eminent greatness. London, that most wealthy and wonderful of cities, is indebted for most of its mercantile grandeur to the Thames. Though seventy miles from the sea, it is visited by thousands of ships from every region of the globe, and into its ample docks and warehouses are incessantly poured the treasures of the east and the west. Its noble river is the king of floods, if commerce can give the pre-eminence. Rivers, with mountains, form the best boundaries and bulwarks of kingdoms. In the time of war, they retard the progress of an invading foe, while they furnish the inhabitants of the invaded country with a most effective means of defence. The fishes which rivers abound, afford us a wholesome and delicate species of food. The motion of their currents also adds to the salubrity of the climate, by agitating and purifying the air.

The surpassing beauty of rivers gives a last charm to their utility. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but they are the causes of beauty wherever they flow. What object in nature is more grandly interesting than a river among its native steeps, clinging itself sheer down some precipitous cliff? Or what more graceful and pleasing than the same river, escaped at last from the mountainous tracts, and augmented with numberless tributary streams, winding in dallying meanders along the fertile valley, clothing in living green the meadows and stately woods upon its borders, now dashing through lofty arches of stone, and now washing the walls of ancient cities and towers, bearing in the lucid bosom gay pinnacles and barges, and strange ships from foreign lands, while it approaches, with still increasing majesty and beauty, its final and glorious resting place, the sea? Thus the scenery of the river shore is of the most picturesque and delightful description. The sweet spots of the earth are watered and beautified by brooks and rivers; and no where is the grandeur of nature more visible and pleasing, than

* Translated in the Scotsman newspaper, 1826.

in the cataracts and rapids, and resounding currents of those mighty floods that issue forth from the mountains, to spread beauty and abundance over the rejoicing plain.

Rivers, therefore, destructive as they sometimes are in their rapid inundations, form an indispensable part of those grand arrangements, by which the Creator renders the earth the fit and lovely abode of animal and vegetable life. So useful are they, that a country is rich in proportion to the number and extent of them within its limits. Thus, in every portion, or general feature of nature, we find inexhaustible proofs of matchless wisdom, of overflowing goodness.

WALKING.

Walking is the best possible exercise; habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the uses of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled White does on his horse, and will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's Memoirs.*

PLAIN SPEAKING FROM A PRISONER.

In Calamy's Memoirs, published a few years ago, there is an account of a man named Story, who was condemned for being in Monmouth's rebellion, but was reprieved by the interest of a friend with Judge Jeffries, and subsequently removed to Newgate. He was soon afterwards ordered to be brought before the Privy Council, in the same plight in which he then was, which was truly miserable. The keeper advised him, in case the king were present, that the wisest way for him would be to answer the questions put to him in a plain and direct manner, without concealing any thing—advice which he strictly followed. "When he was brought into the Council Chamber, he made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened, and he had so strong a smell by being so long confined, that it was very offensive. When the king first saw him set upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man, or what else is it?' Chancellor Jeffries told his majesty that that was the Story of whom he had given his majesty so distinct an account. 'Oh, Story!' says the king; 'I remember him. That is a rare fellow, indeed!' Then, turning towards him, he talked to him very freely and familiarly. 'Pray, Mr Story,' says he, 'you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?' He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'was a commissary there, were you not?' And he again replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' says the king to him, 'if you haven't forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine florid speech; let us have a specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric, and a few of the main things on which you insisted.' Whereupon Mr Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't please your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.' 'A rare rogue, upon my word!' said the king. 'And pray what else did you tell them?' 'I told them,' said he, 'an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it!' said the king. 'Pray let us have something further, if your memory serves you.' 'I further told them,' said Mr Story, 'that your majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.' By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech; and therefore, crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and cutting off short, he said, 'To all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added; but what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I should grant you your life?' To which he, without any dormer, made answer, that he should pray heartily for his majesty as long as he lived. 'Why, then,' says the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable.'

MISERIES OF A SEA VOYAGE.

The miseries of a sea voyage are loudly blazoned forth by those who, making their passage in an East or West Indian, or in one of His Majesty's frigates, are hoisted into her, seated in a gaily decorated chair; who sleep in beautiful little white beds trimmed with smart fringes, and walk over a carpeted drawing-room into a handsomely furnished dining-room; who have milk with their tea and coffee; whose stock of preserved fruits, vegetables, and eggs, make their table resemble that of a house in Portland Place; whose ample space gives them all their wonted amusements and employment; but, after all, they know nothing of going to sea. Put them into a boat from which they are obliged to jump, as the waves heave them up, into the chains of the vessel; put them into stifling berths, too low to sit upright in, and so narrow that, unless they are expert packers, every roll thumps them from side to side; let their only sitting-room be a space of six feet square, surrounded by such berths, and encumbered by chests, hampers, and part of the cargo. Give them tea infused in bad smoky water; set them down to a piece of hard tea or pork that has been in pickle for fifteen years, accompanied by hard, tough biscuit, and on Sundays by a roll padding made of flour and stale meat. Let them rise from their sickness to be assailed by the smell of greasy cheese, and bilge-water. Let every thing they touch feel damp and cold. Let the sea which is shipped on deck run through to their bedding, so that every movement they make it produces a squashing noise. These, and many worse things than these, would entitle them to complain of the sea.—*Mr Bowditch in the Friendship's Offering, 1829.*

THE HUNDRED LARGEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.

A recent (1829) German publication gives the following curious calculation respecting the hundred most populous cities in the world:—These are Jeddah, in Japan, 1,000,000 inhabitants; Pekin, 1,500,000; London, 1,300,000; Hans Ischen, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 900,000; Paris, 717,000; Wurst Chans, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,000; Denver, 536,000; Kio, 350,000; Su Ischen, 500,000; Houngh Ischen, 300,000, &c. The fortieth in the list is Berlin, containing 180,000; and the last Bristol, 67,000. Among the hundred cities, two contain a million and a half, two upwards of a million, nine from half a million to a million, twenty-three from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, fifty-six from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand, and six from eighty-seven thousand to one hundred thousand. Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America.—How curious an example of our general ignorance of what exists at a distance from us, that, to all except a very few of our readers, several of the very largest of these cities are probably unknown even by name!

CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage-coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow lean-

ing against the door-post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he haled him, and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot if he did not make haste and finish his job well, before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trousers with great diligence, and was rewarded with a shilling, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh, never mind, make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifling in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpott Curran—pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the driveller of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun.—*Examiner, 1829.*

THE WAE HEART.

Blythe steps amang the coose the rae,
Her step as firm and free;
Blythe smiles the morn on bank and brae,
As blythe a smile has she.
But, oh! that smile, it winna stay
On thae twa bonny een;
It comes and gae, and aye it leaves
A wae, wae look between.
Oh, fair her locks, and fair her brow,
And fair her hazel een,
And vermeil cheeks, and ruby lips,
And iv'ry teeth between.
But, oh, her cheeks and ruby lips,
They whiles turn ashy pale;
And tearless though her een may be,
They tell a tearfu' tale.
The drookit flow'r wi' broken stem,
A while may glisten sheen,
But, oh, it never can bloom again
As last it bloomed yestreen.
And sac, when sorrow's blast's game by,
The licht o' beauty's een
May gleam awhile, but never mair
Can be as it has been.
The blythest hawthorn that bicker by,
Will whiles come to a pool;
The merriest heart in Christendie
Maur sometimes suffer dool;
The burn again will bicker on,
The heart get back its gie,
But when it tyms its resting place,
It downa merr ye.
Oh, tell na me that woman's love
Is light and wael can bide,
The blank o' broken hopes, the smart
That man can thole beside;
The face may show a passing gleam,
The wae heart patient be;
But deep the spirit feels the stroke,
And kens it soon maun flee.

TRIFLES TO SMILE AT.

FOURTH SERIES.

Lord Sandwich, when full dressed, had a dignified appearance; but to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," says the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself:—"When I was at Paris, I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

A few years ago, Mr H. (now Lord) Brougham sustained a loss of a very important nature, the bags in which he carried his papers to the courts. In the course of the day on which the robbery took place, he received the following communication:—"Sir, we will return you them bags, what was stolen out of your carriage this here morning (seeing as how they belonged to a lawyer, and finding that we had got into bad hands), if so be you will make us a decent recompence, as our honesty deserves. Should you feel inclined to do so, please go to Waterloo Bridge this here evening at nine o'clock; where you will meet with a gentleman who will ax you if your name's Brougham. Do not look him too hard in the face, for he is werry modest, and having some character to lose, does not like to be seen in company with a lawyer. On your telling him as your name's really Brougham, he will give you back your old clothes bags, and you in return will give him what you please—we leaves that to your generosity—trusting only, as you're a gentleman, you'll behave as such. We hopes that you wont give no account of the person what you'll meet on the bridge, for he has got a sort of a constitutional aversion to the Old Bailey, seeing as how it's a disease that has proved fatal to all his family. We thinks you had better come dressed in top-boots and spurs (with moustachios to disguise your person), as we shall then have no doubt of our man. Please present our werry best compliments to Sir Thomas Lethbridge, with whom, we understand, you are on excellent terms of visiting, and tell him we hopes as how he'll put as many members to sleep during his specifying as he did last session; because we can then grab the rhino out of the members' pockets. So no more at present, but rests your werry humble servants, (Signed) —, their X.

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record: An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelve months, again turned round and said: "How?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.

Charles Lamb relates an amusing anecdote of the compunction of mind observed by the Society of Friends. "I was travelling," says he, "in a stage coach, with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bat at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table, I, in my way, took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their

money, and formally tendered it; I, in humble imitation, tending mine, for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and minded out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps were up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became, after a time, inaudible. And now my conscience (which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended) began to give some twitches. I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his neighbour, 'Has thou heard any indigo go at the India House?' and the question opened as a soporific on my mortal feeling, as far as Exeter.

A gallant old Scottish officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend, who had been jilted by a fickle beauty of that age, in favour of the Duke A——; and he concluded the story thus, in a tone of much emotion, "Poor fellow, he never got over it; no, sir, it was the death of him;" and then, after a pause of much pathos, with a faltering voice, he added, "He did not live above fifteen years after it."

I recollect how we amused ourselves with a domestic incident that befell (Sir James) Mackintosh about the year 1802. He travelled the Norfolk circuit at that time, and had left his wife near her accouchement. But that accouchement produced a most portentous augmentation of his domestic bliss, or rather his domestic inquietudes. He was anxiously looking for letters at Belford. At Huntingdon he received one, congratulating him upon the birth of a fine boy. The next circuit town is Cambridge; there he found another dispatch at the post-office, announcing the birth of a second; it was with a grave smile that he received the congratulations of the circuit-table, upon the coming of another Marcellus. But he had scarcely arrived at Bury, when a third boy was announced to him by letter. The letters had indeed been written after the birth of each of this extraordinary progeny; but the first only was in time for the post; the second and third were written after the respective births they related, but, by some fatality, were not forwarded by one post. This monstrous fit of parturition was enough to sadden any man's visage, but he bore it with great philosophy; nor did George Wilson, the amiable and respectable leader of the Norfolk circuit, in the slightest manner discompose him, when, in my allusion to his Lectures on the Laws of Nations and Nations, he proposed, with great gravity, the health of Mrs Mackintosh and her three Grosius, Puffendorf, and Vattel.—*The Club of London.*

The abbot of St Gormain was bound to send yearly a present of a pig's head to the hangman, which a monk was obliged to carry on his own. This rant was paid yearly at the feast of St Vincent, the patron of the Benedictines. On that day the executioner took precedence in the procession of the monks.—*York Courant.*

Captain Morris, whose Bacchanalian songs are well known, was in his advanced age compelled to exist on a small income. The Duke of Norfolk, whose table he had for many years graced, if not graced, was one evening lamenting very pathetically to John Kemble the precarious state of Charles Morris's income; John did not like at first to tell the duke plainly what he, as a wealthy man, ought to do; but when the evening advanced, he broke out, as Jack Bannister tells the story, into a sort of blank verse speech, as follows:—

"And does your grace sincerely then regret
The destitute condition of your friend,
With whom you have passed so many pleasant hours?
Your grace hath spoken of it most movingly.
It's possible, the highest peer o' th' realm,
Amidst the prodigalities of fortune,
Should see the woes which he would not relieve?
The empty breath and vapour of the world,
Of common sentiment, become no man:
How should it then be worthy of your grace?
But heaven, lord duke, hath placed you in a sphere,
Where the wish to be kind, and being so,
Are the same thing. A small annuity
From your o'erflowing boards; a nook of land
Clipped from the boundless round of your domains,
Would never be fit a monstrous castle out;
But you would be repaid with usury;
Your gold, my lord, with prayers of grateful joy;
Your fields would be overflowed with thankful tears,
Ripening the harvest of a grateful heart." It is almost needless to say—what every body knows—that the duke at once granted the prayer of the actor's petition.

The following is a genuine copy of a letter addressed some years ago to a lady of fortune at Portsmouth, upwards of fourscore years of age, by a French prisoner of war at Portsmouth Castle:—"Prestchester—Madam, me rite de English very leet, and me am very fears you no no save vat me speak; but me be told that you west one very fine man for your husband; upon my soul me love you very well, and then be very old woman, and very cross, and very ugly, and all devil, and the English no like you; upon my soul me have one great passion for you, and me like you very well for all dat; and me be told dat de man for you must be one very clear man, and no love drinke, me be all dat; indeed me be one very grand man in France, upon my soul me be one Count, me have one grand equipage in France, and me very good for the esped; indeed me be one grand beau-a-la-mode, one officer in de regimant; me be very good for the Engleterres; indeed you be one very good old woman, upon my soul; and if you have one inclination for one man, me be dat gentleman for you, one grand man for you; me will be your husband, and take de care for yourself, for de house, for de gardin, for de Schoff, for de drink, and for de little chilid dat shall come; upon my soul me kill myself very soon, if you no love me for this grand amour. Me be, madam, your great slave, votres tres humble serviteur." —*Prest Boree.*

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
'Twas drawn by some enchanted wands,
It seem'd so much like life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gan'd
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amaz'd
To view the painter's skill.
"This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd thee back, my dear?"
"Ah, no, my love," said he;
"Then, William, it is very clear
It's not at all like me."

Several small sums have been received for "The Hero is Humble Life," and will in a short time be suitably acknowledged. The payment of advertisement duty for each announcement renders it imprudent to notice each donation separately.

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